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WEEKLY REVIEW.

—The reception of the Prince of Wales has cost the Maharajah of Cashmere (says a special correspondent) nearly a million sterling. It seems a frightful waste of money to spend such a sum on a few days' entertainment; but on the other hand, if the money had not been spent on this occasion, there is little reason to believe that it would have been spent in any way that would have been of much advantage to mankind. The fact is, almost all the money of this world is consecrated to the god of this world, and it is but little of the gold and silver of this world that goes to promote the real welfare of mankind. Mr. William B. Astor, of New York, died the other day, and it is said that he left property worth forty millions sterling. Very large accumulations of water in an elevated region might be made useful to mankind, if suffered to supply the channels that traverse a broad arable plain; but they also constitute a terror for mankind, when there is danger of the bursting of the barrier that contains them. But the individuals who accumulate these colossal "fortunes" (so called), have little thought of the wants of the masses, and are chiefly intent on glorifying themselves. The exception is wonderfully rare. The *Times of India* is sure that the estimate made by the 'special,' of the Maharajah's expenditure, is excessively exaggerated. By the by, we see it stated that at Umritsur the Prince visited the Mission school and received an address from the native Christians, Lord Northbrook *non obstante*.

—A correspondent who says he "has read with interest our remaks on 'Friendly words to Romanists,' No. XV," thinks we have overlooked a passage that throws the most light on this subject. On a certain occasion, as Jesus was preaching, a woman cried out, 'Blessed is the womb that bare thee and the paps which thou hast sucked.' Her admiration for Jesus took the form of an ascription of blessedness to the mother of Jesus. She was the prophetical, though unwitting mouth-piece of the Church whose loudest tones are just of this character. How did Jesus treat this exclamation? Did he let it pass without comment? Did he commend the woman for uttering it? Neither of these. If it had not had a certain significance in his sight, he would have taken no notice of it. But he noticed it, and in a way that showed conclusively that he did not wish his mother to be the subject of any singular honour. He said, "Yea, rather, *blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.*" Many things fell from his lips that day which have not been recorded; but it pleased the Spirit of inspiration that this should be recorded and proclaimed in every nation wheresoever this gospel of the kingdom is preached. Our Lord said nothing in disparagement of his mother; but he deemed it most important that she should be classed with believers, and honoured with them. She herself was one of those who heard the word of God and kept it, and this is the ground of her blessedness. As Elisabeth said to her: "Blessed is she that believed; for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."

—Some of the native journals of Bengal have been greatly shocked, because at the house of a certain Baboo in Calcutta, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was introduced to a number of native ladies without any interposing veil. Their cry for vengeance is alarming in the extreme, nor will they be satisfied with anything less than ostracism of the Baboo in question. He is to be regarded as a traitor to his country. On the other hand, the *Indian Church Gazette* breaks out into "Te deum laudamus," and regards the incident as the harbinger of great good to India. Of course, it will be a good thing if this particular prejudice is abandoned; but even when this result is obtained, the ladies of Calcutta will only enjoy a privilege that the ladies of this side of India have constantly enjoyed. And so far as we are informed, the households of respectable native families in Calcutta are (notwithstanding the *purda*) quite as accessible to Christian teaching as those of Bombay are.

—We have received a copy of the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Burmah Bible and Tract Society. We learn from this that it has been the custom hitherto to give away even the largest books and tracts. The Rev. Mr. Haswell recommends that Bibles and Testaments should not be given away, but sold for 8 and 4 annas. He says,—"Ought we not to make it a point to *sell* for cash our largest books and tracts?" We certainly think so. This reform, first made in the Bombay Presidency nearly thirty years ago, has now made its way nearly over all India. We make the books contemptible in the eyes of the natives, by letting them think they do us a favour in accepting them. They should have a price put upon them, but it should be a price adapted to the means of the natives. There should, besides, be a gratuitous series of tracts, briefly and simply setting forth the Gospel. The Report mentions the printing of 5,000 copies of Romans, in Burmese. For whom are these intended? The Epistle to the Romans was addressed to Christians whose faith was spoken of throughout the whole world, and cannot possibly be understood by non-Christians, unless accompanied by an exposition. But perhaps they are intended for use in schools. For general distribution among people unacquainted with Christianity, the Gospels and Acts are the best, though it is not easy for a Hindoo or Boodhist to understand these without some explanation, unless, indeed, the man has an earnest desire to know the truth. Mr. Haswell says that there is an unprecedented spirit of enquiry in Burmah, and at the same time a revival of Boodhism. The Report contains some interesting notices of the fruit of tract distribution, part of which we hope to transfer to our columns.

—We have just received the Report of the United Presbyterian Mission of Rajpootana for 1875. We learn with pleasure that the Rev. Messrs. Gray and Bonnar have returned in good health from Scotland, accompained by a new missionary, a younger brother of Mr. Gray. We have only time at present to mention that 39 converts were baptized last year, that the communicants number 187, orphans 351, Christian community 437, scholars 2,948, missionaries 11. We hope shortly to give a fuller account of the work here reported on.

—A minister once began a sermon thus: "Friends, the other day I was going down the street, and I saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity so much that I determined to follow. I did so, and to my great surprise, I saw them follow him to the slaughter-house. I was anxious to know how this was brought about; and I said to the man: 'My friend, how did you manage to induce these pigs to follow you here?' 'Oh, did you not see?' said the man. 'I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me.' Yes," said the preacher, "and I thought, just so the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along; and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter-house! Yes, friends, and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with the beans of the devil."

The importance of music, not only as a means of giving expression to religious feelings, but also as a means of conveying religious truth, was recognised in the early ages of the world's history. Paul, writing to the Ephesians and Colossians, introduced no new commandment, when he bade them 'speak to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,' 'teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts and singing with grace in their hearts to the Lord.' In modern times, Christian psalms and hymns have been constantly sung in the churches, but as an evangelistic method, singing by individuals to audiences has been almost unknown. Mr. Philip Phillips may be said to have inaugurated this special means of Christian usefulness, in our day, and he has now for many years been constantly engaged in addressing large audiences through the medium of sacred song. The stately and somewhat lugubrious strains which have been conventionally regarded as properly constituting sacred music, would, of course, be an unsatisfactory medium in seeking to get the attention and captivate the feelings of ordinary audiences; and since Mr. Phillips entered upon this particular ministry, hymns and spiritual songs, much better adapted to express the varieties of religious truth, have come into existence, and Mr. Phillips has a large share in the authorship of these. He is a man of deep religious feeling, of a lovely and tender spirit, one that walks in the Spirit; he is gifted with a magnificent voice; he has a wonderful command of the little instrument on which he accompanies himself; everything in his singing and playing is subordinated to the sentiment contained in the words; and no one should be surprised at the command which he has over the feelings of his audiences. The public of Bombay have had the pleasure of hearing him three or four times. He has left for Madras, via Secunderabad. He will return to Bombay, and expects to leave for Europe about the 15th of February.

There are many who lay the flattering unction to their heart that a broad gulf separates them from the classes that steal and defraud, who may yet be guilty of a much greater offence against their neighbours than that of appropriating their property. A man's reputation is more to him than his money. Iago gave expression to a sentiment that is pretty generally entertained:—

> "Who steals my purse steals trash:
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him
> And makes me poor indeed."

No man knows exactly how much harm he is doing when he destroys a reputation. For all he can say, he may be destroying the man himself for time and eternity. Many a man has committed suicide on finding his reputation blasted, who might have lived to bless society and win heaven. No more distinctive mark of a Christian can be found than the charity which covereth a multitude of sins. We heard recently of a case in which the most abominable imputations were made upon the character of a young person, which it might have been difficult to disprove, if Providence had not so directed the course of events that the perfect innocence of the party was clearly established; the author of the calumny was obliged to retract every thing, and made a humble apology; but any one can see how very inadequate is such redress. One might gouge out an eye by mistake, but no

apology would restore the eye. The horrible tale may be repeated, and the tardy apology be forgotten; as Mr. Moody says, a lie will get half round the globe before truth has got her boots on. In the case we refer to, the person who made the scandalous imputations, was probably deceived by the representations of an officious and ignorant dependent; but if she had remembered the law to love our neighbour as ourselves, she would have sought for something more worthy the name of proof, before uttering the charge that would carry anguish and desolation to a family circle.

At the annual meeting of the Calcutta Brahmo Somaj last Saturday, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen made an address, of which the *Indian Daily News* gives the following account :—

"He said he verily believed that when Christ was about to leave this world he made over the government of His Church to the Holy Spirit, and Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen thought that every believer must see in this arrangement wisdom, sagacity, foresight and loving-kindness. It was necessary that the Prophet of Nazareth should have made such provision for His Church, for the disciples would otherwise have been left in gloom and darkness, in doubt and uncertainty. Even at the present time, the heart is perturbed when it looks back upon the gloomy scene, and it was absolutely necessary for the moral and spiritual interests of mankind that Christ should have proclaimed the great fact of the succession of the Holy Spirit, who was to be their comforter, their light, their strength and their salvation, and to guide them into all truth. Was the work done when Christ said, "It is finished"—the great and glorious work of human redemption? No. The disciples had strength and comfort sent to them to invigorate them, and to enable them to conquer and go on conquering, imbued with the spirit of truth and holiness. The most orthodox Christian divine need not be ashamed of so true and grand a doctrine as this. Did not the Jewish prophets, even Moses, bear testimony to this? Could revealed law inspire a devotee's heart? Even in the later days, Paul spoke a great deal about the influence and operation of the Spirit; and in the epistles of Paul we find abundant and continual appeals to the Spirit, which kept up the vitality of Christ's Church. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen averred that the Theists in India believed in this Spirit of truth. But they had received the doctrine from the scriptures of the ancient Hindoo nation, where this Spirit-God is described in the strongest and most soul-stirring language, and vindicated as nowhere else He can be vindicated. In India more than in any other country, and in the Hindoo scripture more than in any other scriptures, the attributes of this spiritual God are enunciated and depicted in beautiful language."

The testimony of the Baboo to the Holy Spirit is not of much value, as he is evidently unacquainted with the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of God, whose advent was announced by Jesus, has certain designated functions whereby he is as widely distinguished from any spirit announced in Hinduism, as the heavens are from the earth. "He shall take of mine and shall shew it unto you." "He shall glorify me." "He shall convince men of sin, because they believe not on me." "He shall guide you into all truth;" "my word is truth." "He shall bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you." He was promised to Christ's disciples: "The Father will send him IN MY NAME." "The world receiveth him not, because it seeth him not; ye know him, for he dwelleth with you; he shall abide with you forever." So when the Spirit of God came down on the day of Pentecost, thousands were at once convinced of the Messiahship of Jesus, and became his devoted followers, counting it joy to suffer even unto death for his name's sake. The Spirit of God is given to man to overcome that bias which hinders him from receiving the truth, and specially to make him acquainted with Christ and bring him under the power of those truths which relate to Christ. He is called frequently the Spirit of Christ. If the Holy Spirit were to come upon the Brahmo Somajists, they would at once recognize Jesus as the only Mediator between God and man, and the word of God would become sharper than any two-edged sword in their hearts.

When the Lord Jesus, in all His love and grace, is set before us, our eyes are dim to lower objects. The beauty of the "All-beauteous One" makes other loveliness unlovely.

—Remember the power of indirect influences—those which distil from a life, not from a sudden brilliant effort. The former never fail; the latter, often.

—The triumphs of the Gospel are unlike every other, for in them the victor and the vanquished rejoice together.—Hgubners.

The Bombay Guardian.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

We had the pleasure of being present at the Sunday-school Convention held in Allahabad on Thursday of last week. There was a considerable number of ministers and missionaries in attendance, chiefly from N. India, though some were there from the southern presidencies. On the day when we were present only two written essays were submitted; but a large number of topics were introduced (generally by some remarks from a designated person), and were made the subject of general discussion. The first topic was, "the Sunday-school the nursery of the Church."

When the Sunday-school is what it should be, there is little doubt that it becomes the nursery of the Church. As a matter of fact, in lands where the institutions of the Gospel are maintained in their efficiency, it is found that the majority of church members consists of those who have enjoyed the benefit of Sunday-school instruction. We do not lose sight of the fact that these same persons had also the benefit of parental example and nurture, nor would we attribute exclusively to the Sunday-school the bent given to their minds. Far from it; we believe the Sunday-school depends very much for its efficiency upon parental care. But the two generally go together. The home teaching and the Sabbath-school are as the right and left hands in moulding the young minds. We have yet to see in how full a sense the Sabbath-school may be the nursery of the Church; for its value and significance are yet only partially recognized. Of late years very much more attention has been paid to it, and much grander results have been aimed at. If the offspring of all believers should all become true believers, we should be in a fair way to the conversion of all mankind.

Looking at the whole problem of the recovery of this world from sin to holiness, from Satan to Christ, looking at it *ab extra*, as it would appear to a stranger visiting our earth, it would seem to be the dictate of common sense to cope with human depravity not in its complete development, with all its armour on, but in its incipient stage. The casting out of Satan is not such a simple matter that we can afford to let him intrench himself at his leisure, and carry his forces to a state of the most perfect discipline, before we enter into conflict with him. In dealing with evils, it is far better to attack them at the time when they are least prepared to offer resistance, than to allow them to reach their highest point of efficiency and then go forth to encounter them. The slave trade, the opium traffic, modern intemperance—these and other evils could have been easily conquered if they had been opposed by the full force of public conviction at the outset. But man shows so little aptitude for battling with moral evils, that he offers generally the feeblest resistance to the germinant evil, and when he sees the monster in its complete development, then his hands hang down in listless stupor. What madness to attach a higher importance to the recovery of a sinful man than to that of a sinful child!—the latter includes the former and has much besides. A man who lives to the age of thirty before he is converted, is, during all that time, generating influences that shall continue to be active during the after years when he is seeking to follow Christ. If converted in childhood, those long and precious years shall be spent in the service of the Master, and when the strength of manhood comes, it will not have to be spent in the effort to undo what has been done. So completely are the minds of many mystified with regard to this whole subject, that they are doubtful if children can be converted. Is it easier to bend a full-grown oak than to bend a sapling? Is it necessary for sin to reach its fullest development before the Holy Spirit can work? Does a prolonged apprenticeship in sin prepare a man to recognize the claims of God and be an earnest Christian? No, this miserable logic all has its root in spiritual apathy. Those who have but a faint measure of spiritual life, shrink from the obligation to labour for the conversion of their children, and wait for a more convenient season that never arrives. God will hold these unbelieving parents responsible for the terrible fruits of their unbelief. Without faith it is impossible to please God; Christian parents please God by their faith when they believe that God is ready just now to convert their children, and when they seek to secure it without delay. And the Sabbath-school teacher should have the same faith, and seek, not merely to communicate instruction to the children, but to lead them to the great Teacher and secure for them the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Many native children are now being gathered into Sunday-schools in India, especially in the north. These attend, of course, with the consent of the parents, though there may be instances in which the reverse is the case. There was some conversation regarding these, in the Convention; it seemed to be the general opinion that where the conductors of the schools took pains to have the character and aim of the schools clearly announced, the only remaining responsibility was to do all the good they could to the children that came. One of the missionaries present laid down the broad proposition which it would be difficult for any Christian man to gainsay, that no living man has any authority to teach his child anything but truth.

In the remarks made we are far from wishing to convey the idea that the missionary is not to labour for the conversion of adult natives. We have no right to neglect them; nor will it be found possible to do very much for the salvation of the children while the parental influence is so entirely in opposition. The child is best reached through the parent. As the daily work of Penelope was unwoven every night, to be every day begun over again, so for the most part is it when the children of heathen parents receive instruction in missionary schools. In a few instances grace gets the victory.

We understand that the last day of the Convention was particularly interesting. A resolution was passed to form a Sunday-school Union for India, and it was also resolved to publish a Sunday-school journal, a monthly paper, in English. We presume that a detailed report of the proceedings of the Convention will appear in good time. We congratulate those who have been chiefly active in gathering this Convention, upon the success that has so far attended their exertions.

GLEANINGS IN EPHESIANS.

Let all bitterness be put away. iv. 21.

He that made man and endowed him with a palate suited to appreciate hundreds of different kinds of fruit, has responded to the demand thus created and has planted the earth with many hundreds of trees whose branches stoop down to give their various fruits to the creature whom the King thus honoureth, but who honours so little his beneficent Sovereign. There are bitter fruits on the earth that man may learn the better to appreciate those that are well-flavoured. While man is thus compassed about by the fruits which his organism demands, it would be well if he remembered that he is himself to be the fruit of God. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy and rejoice in his love. Every man upon this globe exists that he may please God, and he is a cumberer of the ground while he fails to please Him. Is there bitterness in your heart? It is God that tastes this bitterness, and it is the teeth of your Maker (so to speak) that are set on edge by the acrid humour of your heart. As the Lord Jesus found the Laodiceans most unpleasant to his taste and threatened to spue them out of his mouth, so is, he disgusted by us if bitterness be found in us. *Do* you say, "I have cause?" How much more had Christ cause to be disgusted with this humanity of ours when, on his way to the cross, his disciples denied him, forsook him and fled! Is it a matter of little account that you should be unpalatable to Christ? Remember this, when the devil blandly presents you with a salad of bitter herbs, saying, Take a little of this.

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With all malice. 31.

The Lord has appointed you his agent to convey many very necessary things to your fellow men; especially to convey to them the good-will of God in the form of many gracious promises and friendly invitations. The god of this world does his utmost to hinder you from faithfully fulfilling your stewardship. He stirs up the very man to whom you are sent with blessings, to misunderstand your errand and treat you as an enemy, and motion you insultingly away; seeking thus to infuse a little of his bitterness into your heart, and thus get the man cheated out of those expressions of divine love which you are commissioned to convey. Oh what an ugly thing is malice in a Christian! In vain do you defend it and give it another name. God did not send you with words and acts of kindness to the good and the wise and the lovely, but to the unlovely and bad; for there is no homeopathic principle whereby badness can vanquish badness. Malice can do nothing against malice—it can only intensify it. If you had a sword whose wonderful property was to double the strength of the man that it wounded, you would think yourself well quit of it: this is just what malice does; it makes its object twice or thrice as malicious as he was. This is the sort of missile that Satan busily passes to his servants as they contend with one another. He has been steadily successful for 6,000 years in his aim to keep the world blazing with malice; and in the coming centennial exhibition he will point exultingly to the tremendous guns, the turret ships, the mitrailleuses, and all the horrid engines of modern warfare. The greatest prizes that the world has to offer are reserved for those who make the nearest approach to an invention that shall sweep all mankind, save those who control it, from off the face of the earth. What a triumph for Satan when he gets a little of this abominable stuff into the heart of a Christian, and makes him believe that he does well to be angry. And what an honour for Jesus, when his disciple—with his back bleeding for the stripes laid upon him, or his ear tingling with the contemptuous words addressed to him—smiles sweetly on his opponents and gives them the very words of love that God gave him for them, thus overcoming evil with that which alone has power to overcome it, namely, with good.

Followers of God, as dear children. v. 1.

Imitators of God, says the Greek. We are God's dear children when we imitate him. The child naturally puts on his Father's ways, if you give him the opportunity, not sending him off to spend his time with the servants. The features, tones, looks, phrases, principles, convictions of the father, become those of the child. God became manifest in the person of his Son, that the thing to be copied might be distinctly before us; and he gives us the Spirit that we may see Christ as he is, and learn to walk even as he also walked.

Walk in love, a sweet-smelling savour. 2.

Christ walked in love, and how sweet was the savour of his life was shown when the Father's voice came saying, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well-pleased. It is also our privilege, walking in love, to waft heavenward a breath sweeter than Araby's incense. The curses of this world invoke the wrath of God, but the loving walk of the Christian beats aside these curses and presses with its 'much incense' to the presence of the great King. Therefore the sun continues to shine and this planet of ours flies forward in its orbit.

SKETCHES OF OUR ANTIPODES.

IV.

THE IRON MOUNTAINS.

"If you come in, I'll shoot you!" Of course Private Smith was "only in fun," for he was laughing, and it was one of his *chums* that stood at the tent door. "Who's afraid of you?" laughed the corporal, walking in. "I'll show you"—and Smith seized his empty musket (as he supposed), levelled it and pulled the trigger. Just as he did so, the corporal raised his arm, throwing the gun aside, and the ball only cut the flesh of his arm. Smith had emptied and cleaned his own gun, but in his reckless play he had by mistake taken *another* rifle. So his folly came very near putting an ounce ball through his friend's heart, and desolating a happy home. What is the use of such silly play? And what about those lies told "only in fun," and those unmeaning threats? There is a nice young lady—a dear good girl. The servant drops a cup and breaks it. "Tum ko marenga" drops from those lips that pray every day to the "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." She does not mean to beat the man, it is only a habit of threatening. But it is a habit of telling lies. "It is not from the heart," you say. But "lying *lips* are an abomination to the Lord."

The corporal was put into an ambulance and taken with the sick squad of our regiment, the 2nd Iowa, to the hospital at Ironton. This is situated in a pleasant valley between the Shepherd Mountain, Iron Mount, and the Pilot Knob.

These are three of the Iron Mountains of Eastern Missouri. It is a beautiful and wonderful land. Many of our readers have seen that range of mountains in Western India called "the Ghats," over which the *Guardian* travels every week in its pleasant visits to your homes. Only fancy those mountains turned into rich iron ore! Read carefully the following statement from the *Central Advocate*:—

"Professor Waterhouse, in a recent paper on the resources of Missouri, gives the following description of the Iron Mountains, for which the state is famous: "Shepherd Mountain is 600 feet high. The ore contains a large percentage of iron. The height of Pilot Knob above the Mississippi river is 1,114 feet. Its base, 581 feet from the summit, is 300 acres. The upper section of 141 feet is judged to contain 14,000,000 tons of ore. The elevation of Iron Mountain is 228 feet, and the area of its base 500 acres. The solid contents of the cone are 230,000,000 tons. It is thought that every foot beneath the surface will yield 3,000,000 tons. At the depth of 150 feet the artesian augur was still penetrating solid ore. These mountains contain enough ore above the surface to afford for 200 years an annual supply of 1,000,000 tons. The iron is strong, tough and fibrous."

If the *surface* ore would last the world so long, what a great supply there is in the entire cones. And how long the iron in all those mountains would last! The same state has also extensive and rich coal mines which supply the furnaces and foundries.

The ascent of Pilot Knob is "up-hill work." Its summit commands a grand view of the country. The miners have commenced near the top. The pure ore is "quarried out" just as you see stone dug from ordinary quarries. It is loaded into small cars which run down the mountain on iron rails. A wire rope regulates their descent. At the foot of the mountain are the furnaces, into which the iron ore with wood, coal and limestone are thrown by tons. We waited to see one opened. The workmen pierced the sealed mouth with long crowbars, and soon there burst forth a shower of sparkling stars. Then came the stream of molten metal. It was of a dazzling whiteness, and threw out such a heat that I could not stand within thirty feet of it. Yet the hardened workmen stood unharmed at the very crater of that little volcano. So do the young sometimes harden their hearts to sin by habit, until even the near approach of judgment fires cause but little alarm. "For there are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm." As the iron flowed down its channel, it turned to a pretty golden hue. Side ducts had been made in the sand, into which the iron ran. It now changed to a rosy red. The bars taken from the sand are three feet long, and are called "pigs." The pig iron is shipped to St. Louis and elsewhere to be made into nails, rails, houses, hoes, harness-buckles, railway-bridges and all the many useful things of civilization. Did all this iron and coal merely *happen* in Missouri? And are these beings who use it only *developed monkeys*? No! no! "Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches," and "Thou madest man to have dominion over the works of Thy hands."

VICTOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR LAST SABBATH AT RUTNAGIRI.

To the Editor of the "Bombay Guardian."

Dear Sir,—We came here just three years ago, and this is our last sabbath in this delightful home by the sea. In a few hours we are to sail for Bombay, and on the 26th the powerful *Trinacria* will bear us to the land of our fathers and the birth-place of my wife, where we propose to spend a few weeks in seeking out and becoming acquainted with many relatives before sailing for New York. My father's grandfather was one of the soldiers who went to New England to put "Brother Jonathan" to rights; my grandfather a pensioner of 1776, and father a pensioner of 1812.

Some, indeed many, of my sabbaths here, have been foretastes of the heavenly sabbath. When I set out for heaven in 1842 I learned the following hymn, and have sung it ever since every Lord's Day morning; for I have found that nothing serves so well to put me in good humour, and to secure an active and devotional frame of mind, as the singing or chanting of a sweet tune to appropriate words, with a violin or other accompaniment.

"Hail! happy day, thou day of holy rest!
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast,
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

Bid earth and all its vanities begone—
Move from my sight and leave my soul alone.
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal glories turn my eyes.

Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix mine eyes.
Oh meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blessful realms above!"

Forty minutes' brisk walk to and from the sea, fifteen minutes' buffeting with the big waves, and a "peg" of tea or coffee, or good milk, usually put the mind and body in a state to render preaching an easy and a positively luxurious thing. After speaking and singing an hour, and talking with a native friend a half hour, on the subject of personal religion, I have usually retired for meditation and prayer. More than once God has given me so much of His presence and has filled my cup *so full* of joy in Him and His service, that I have said "O Lord, it is enough, I can bear no more of pleasure while I am in the flesh. Stay Thy liberal hand and pour upon me no more of heavenly felicity."

These precious and oft-repeated expressions have served to convince me that *heaven is a state and not a place*, and hence, that whoever desires it can have a heaven wherever he is. Rev. Dr. Goodell, of Constantinople, used often to say that he carried heaven with him wherever he went; and all who know him can testify that this was so, for he was one of the purest-minded, happiest men I ever saw. God wants all His children to have just such experiences, so that when they get over there, they may not, so to speak, appear awkward.

W. B. BARKER.

Rutnagiri Mission House, Jan. 23.

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading Mr. Taylor's last book—*Four Years' Campaign in India*—and from the first page to the last I have been intensely interested in it. It reads like a supplement to the Acts of the Apostles, from Paul down to the noble women who ministered to him, and with him. The central figure of the book is Mr. Taylor himself, and his *campaign* is full of admirable lessons to all who read it. He seeks to know one thing—the will of God in all that he does—and to know this, is to follow it with bold and decisive action. And here he strikes me as the embodiment of loyalty to God. In carrying on his Christian work in India, his personal influence seems to have told on all that he was brought in contact with, and in the churches he founded he has been eminently successful in raising up a noble band of workers.

What has struck me most forcibly in Mr. Taylor's outward character is his entire confidence in his own methods of working. He evidently believes in the foolishness of preaching as the means of saving souls. His actions equal his faith, and the grand results of his work—hundreds brought to Christ, and several churches established—correspond to his faith and action. We constantly hear in these days of the pulpit having lost its power, and while we admit to a great extent this sad truth, the records of Mr. Taylor's *campaign* incontestably shows what might be done if the pulpit (that is, preaching) were used aright. Mr. Taylor preached, expecting souls to be saved, and they were saved. How many, alas! there are who expect no more than that at some time and in some way their preaching will tell for good; and would it not surprise many of us if next Lord's Day even one anxious soul met us with the question, What must I do to be saved? It is not for a moment denied that much of our preaching may do some good in some way, but this is a poor—I had almost said wretched—expectation to rest satisfied with—an expectation that scarcely justifies the existence of either pulpit or preacher. Simple, honest faith in the foolishness of preaching God's own word is a prime requisite of every minister of Christ.

And simultaneously with faith comes action; for faith without works is dead. Mr. Taylor did not expect that a couple of sermons on Sabbath, with, perhaps, a meeting of some kind during the week, would avail much in bringing the world to God. There is a great deal too much confidence placed in good ideas. We readily talk fine sentiment about the preaching of the Gospel, and the blessedness of those who have a recognized part or share in it. The thing, however, is to preach the Gospel, not to glory in the idea that there is a Gospel, and that there are preachers of it. Very little good will of itself radiate from either the one or the other while they remain in a quiescent state. "Be instant in season and out of season," was the veteran's advice to the young minister of Christ. Every one bent on success adopts this maxim in other walks of life. Why should the preaching of the Gospel receive less attention than the merchant gives his wares, the magistrate his duties, or the teacher his pupils? The Gospel has no

magic power; nevertheless, it has a real, a miraculous power, and were it pressed on the attention of people with a little of the zeal with which ordinary business is carried on, it would produce very different results from those we are generally accustomed to. "In season, and out of season" seems to have been one of Mr. Taylor's watch-words. We might very well attempt the "in season" as a beginning.

Mr. Taylor frequently expressed his views on missionary work, and does not hesitate to contrast the ordinary methods with his own. He re-produces as worthy of record on this subject the views of one of his native converts, which seem identical with his own. Drawn out in conversation, Krishna, the convert, gives it as his opinion that missionaries "cannot succeed, because they lack confidence in themselves, in their own methods, and in the natives." While in India Mr. Taylor was a firm believer in his own methods, and put them to the test; and with what results his book shows. It might be well for missionaries to take a leaf out of Mr. Taylor's book as to faith and works. Perhaps, if there was more direct preaching there might be more direct results. From first to last Mr. Taylor's campaign shows itself in striking contrast to ordinary missionary work, and he states frankly that it was so. I do not see the slightest objection to this; and as the book gives many statistical details, it would also be interesting to know how often missionaries come before native audiences as preachers of the Gospel. I expect that none would be more surprised at a year's statistics on this point than these good men themselves. Mr. Taylor's work tells of a soldier on the battle-field fighting a good fight: ours too frequently suggest a detachment comfortably stationed at its depôt. We are so accustomed to our own state of things that we do not appear to notice it, and it is only when we see by contrast what can be done that we awake to the real facts of the case. I hope Mr. Taylor's book will be extensively read, and will be the means of arousing to consciousness in this matter.

Mr. Taylor speaks in genial and manly terms of his coädjutors, who are true fellow-workers with him, and it is gratifying to know that he has left behind him a band of active Christians accustomed to his own methods. Some of them have been found on the spot, while others have come from America. They seem to have caught their leader's spirit, and follow him closely in Christian activity. One man thus modestly gives an account to his chief, of eight days' work, which shows that it is in admirable hands. Mr. Hard, Madras, says:—"The Lord makes me glad in the work; he has, in the eight days just passed, permitted me to preach eleven sermons, lead five fellowship bands, make pastoral calls four hours per day, see the plan through the press, review the leaders' books, prepare and write the church register of members and probationers, address three Sunday schools and one day school, revive the Tract Society, sell some dozens of books, hold one watch-meeting, three love-feasts, administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper three times, receive 21 into full membership, and 16 on probation, out of the 20 who have been converted within these eight days."

The readers of the *Guardian* are familiar with the outlines of Mr. Taylor's campaign in the chief cities he visited in India—Bombay, Poona, Calcutta, Madras, and other places, where multitudes have been saved and active Christian churches established. Mr. Taylor met with most trouble in Bombay, where he first developed into an organizer of churches. Ordinary Christian people are at a loss to understand the position assumed by many towards Mr. Taylor's work. As he frequently said himself—a true church of God can do no one any harm, and surely a church so successful in saving souls as his has been, is just the church the world needs.

As a book, the *Campaign* is very unpretending. It would have been improved by the omission of unimportant details. It is rather prolix on small points, and in some parts it is remorselessly personal. A vein of caustic humour runs through it all and makes it pleasant reading; while in its higher aspects it is a delightful chronicle of four years of the Lord's work, and this will form its chief attraction.

SCIO.

*** It may be well to mention that the writer of the above letter is not in any way connected with Mr. Taylor's mission.

—I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify to make anything secret to my neighbour, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open?

—A great life is like a great fish on land; it may fret, and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.

—The joys of a Christian on earth are of the same nature with the joys of heaven. They are an earnest, a part, of that which he is to enjoy for ever.—BARNES.

Epitome of News.

Saturday, January 22.

—*Times of India:* "The Kohat pass continues closed. The refractory hill tribes, although much inconvenienced for supplies, &c., by being debarred entrance into our territories, continue to hold out resolutely. It is, however, expected that they will soon give in."

Great fears are entertained at Hyderabad that the late quarrel between the rival sects of Mussulmans—the Soonies and the Mahadies—will burst out with fresh violence at the commencement of the Mohurrum.

The proprietor of the *Indu Prakash*, Mr. Krishna Parashramthasir, announces that he intends to publish, as a monthly series, each issue containing 64 pages, a Marathi and an English translation of the Rig-Veda. We are not told by whom the translation into either Marathi or English is to be done, and the specimen sent us is hardly long enough to allow a very confident opinion to be formed on its merits.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "Since the murder of a moulvie of the Shias in a mosque at Hyderabad, Deccan, unfounded rumours have prevailed in Bombay of an apprehended outbreak between the Soonee and Shia sections of the Mahomedan community. Now that the Mohurrum festival is approaching, the rumour seemed to gather strength in the mouths of the lower class of people, whose only occupation is to live upon their wits."

"The second meeting of the Bombay Temperance League was held on the evening of that date in the General Assembly's Institute, Kalbadavie.

Monday, January 24.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The resolution taken at the Cabinet council held in London last Tuesday, 'to give general support to Count Andrassy's Note' to the Turkish Government, is the most important event in the history of England's relations with foreign powers since the declaration of war against Prussia in 1854. Its meaning is that England has definitively abandoned her old policy of upholding the integrity of the Turkish empire as essential to the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and has allied herself with the Continental advocates of the opposite policy of dismembering that empire and driving the Turks out of Europe."

—Same; Lahore: "The Prince and suite were accommodated at Jummoo in a large encampment near the new palace which has been built within the last four months; it cost nearly half a million sterling. At night there were fireworks and a banquet and a nautch of Cashmere girls. On Saturday the Prince attended various sports, and in the evening dined at the Maharajah's own palace; after which he received presents of Cashmere shawls and jewellery of great value, while the whole city, including the parts surrounding the mountains, was illuminated. The Prince was delighted altogether with his reception, which has cost Cashmere a million sterling. No reception has yet equalled that at Jummoo. The Prince left Jummoo for Lahore on Saturday morning, opening the Chenab bridge on the way. Some disappointment was felt, because, in opening the largest bridge in the world, and at the subsequent banquet, the Prince said nothing whatever."

The Chenab bridge is nearly two miles long—9,300 feet; it has 64 spans of 142 feet each; it cost £600,000.

—Same: "Our correspondent at Hyderabad (Deccan), writing on the 20th inst., says:—'We are very much shocked here by the sudden death of Mrs. Clerk (wife of Captain Clerk, the Nizam's tutor), from cholera, after a few hours' illness, this morning. Mrs. Clerk was a daughter of General Stock, of the Bombay army, and her first husband was the late Mr. E. I. Howard, Director of Public Instruction for this presidency."

—A room occupied by a Mahomedan faquir in New Memonwada Street, was entered by the police; and here is the account of it: "The walls there were seen to be swarming with cockroaches, heaps of rubbish piled up to the amount of four or five tons' weight, amongst which were China earthenware strewn all over the place—some whole and some broken—which filled four carts well laden; thousands of small earthen pots were also found amongst the rubbish—some were empty, others contained filth, and dead rats—several were found with rupees and copper money in them, with four and two annas silver pieces, bank notes, and money in a variety of forms; a number of baskets of fowls, some dead and others alive; a dead dog was found in a tin fiddle-case, and about four dozen charpoys, mats, &c., covered with vermin. The money found is said to amount to about Rs. 2,500. The fakeer is certainly a very eccentric character. Living with him in the room were nine or ten dogs, which appeared to be in very good condition, and it is said that he used to feed them on bread, cream and milk, of the best quality. He had two servants whom he paid daily four annas each. A tattoo that he used for riding on also fared sumptuously; but the poor animal was always kept standing by the door."

Tuesday, January 25.

—The following notices of Mr. Philip Phillips are published: "In 1866, he went to New York as musical editor of the Methodist Book Concern, and soon after issued under its auspices the New Hymn and Tune Book now in such extensive use by that important denomination. Removing to New York, that more perfectly he might fulfill his new obligations, his next production was the "New Standard Singer," 20,000 copies of which were ordered before the proof-sheets had been received. Nearly all his books are now republished and universally used in Great Britain, while some are being translated into foreign languages. "New Hallowed Songs," published January 1, 1870, combines in its pages an adaptation of songs of praise for the prayer and conference meeting which could only emanate from the musical talent and experience of its author, and which, in the few months since its appearance, has attained popularity to the extent that its publisher is crowded with orders from all parts of the country. This was followed, July 1st, by "The Singing Annual for 1870," a work filled with entirely new and beautiful music for the sabbath school, and which has been edited by Mr. Phillips to meet the urgent call for new music for the millions of youth who are engaged in the study of the word and the worship of Jesus in song. It is issued every January, adapted to the uniform Sunday-school lessons.

"In 1872, 'Song Life,' a new and complete work for Sunday schools, beautifully illustrating the journey of Christiana and children to the Celestial City.

"Mr. Phillips is—and has always been—an earnest advocate of congregational singing, and in his thousands of concerts, has devoted an especial time to every audience before whom he has appeared, in behalf of this only true worship of God in song in our sanctuaries. Urging its adoption with earnest exhortation, he follows his remarks by leading his congregations in some familiar tune, in which, becoming impregnated with his spirit, they join with heart and soul to that extent of voice and volume that a stranger might rightly infer that this was their customary habit, rather than their first experience. Thus in hundreds of churches, from the effects of his practical teachings, the choirs have become the instructors and leaders of their congregations in this delightful service, instead of those machines of artistic song, so destructive to the vitality of pure and earnest worship."

"In the summer of 1868 he visited Europe for the first time. The fame of his God-given talent had crossed the Atlantic before him. Such was the success of his first visit abroad that the London Sunday-school Union extended to him a cordial invitation to give, under their auspices, one hundred services of sacred song for the purpose of raising money to establish Sunday schools on the continent of Europe. The arrangements were made, and in August, 1872, he commenced his work of one hundred consecutive nights (except Saturdays and Sundays), filling all the engagements without disappointment or failure, leaving more than $5,000 in their treasury for the above purpose; afterwards singing fifty more nights for local interest in England and Ireland.

"His journey throughout Great Britain proved an ovation of welcome and a grand tour of song. In London, Liverpool, Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, and other cities, his voice was heard by all classes from the rich to even the costermongers of the vast city of London. It is enough to know of the appreciation in which Mr. Phillips was held in the mother country, that he was enthusiastically received by the entire religious press and people, and that the "London Recorder" and the "Christian Word" said upon his departure, "that he was followed home to America by the prayers and good wishes of tens of thousands of that land."

—*Lucknow Witness*: "At a public meeting held during the M. E. conference in Cawnpore, in the interests of the Sunday-school work, some encouraging facts were brought out with reference to conversions of heathen boys occuring in these schools during the year. In various places cases were mentioned of boys who gave ample evidence of having truly believed on the Lord Jesus Christ in consequence of this instruction, although it was deemed

best to delay baptizing them for the present. There is a strong conviction that the time had fully come for pressing, both at the throne of grace and on the hearts of the children, the matter of their immediately accepting the Saviour for the remission of sins. There are in Rohilcund six native preachers wholly supported by the native Christians to whom they minister, and some others partially supported. In Moredabad Zilla alone Rs. 740 were contributed during the year by native Christians toward the support of the gospel.

Wednesday, January 26.

—*Times of India;* Umritsur, 24th: "The Prince drove to the mission school, receiving an address from the native Christians, afterwards taking lunch at Sunt Ram's. The streets and bazaars were decorated with cashmere-shawls, while beds of roses covered up the open drains. After luncheon the chief native gentlemen were presented to the Prince. Soon after 5 o'clock the Prince went to see the illumination of the golden temple and the Lake of Immortality; and also a display of fireworks, leaving for Agra afterwards."

—Rangoon, January 24.—It has been decided to send troops from here to meet Sir Thomas Wade's party at Bhamo. It is confidently reported that Colonel Duncan has been instructed not to remove his boots in presence of the King.

—We read in the Agra paper that there is at Umballa a scion of the royal house of Delhi, who has become a Christian, and belongs to one of the missionary societies. "He is a very learned man—so I have been told—and is considered by the Mahomedans of this place as a perfect 'shaitan,' as he exposes the weak passages of the Koran, and points out the defects of the Prophet."

—*Bombay Gazette:* "The air is full of warlike rumours; but the best accredited and most welcome of them all is sent forth from Rangoon, telling that the Government of India has made up its mind to send an armed force through the King of Burma's territory to meet the Grosvenor Mission from the east coast of China, and that it is confidently reported that Colonel Duncan, the Resident at Mandalay, has been ordered not to take his boots off in the King's presence."

—Capt. Geo. Drevar, barque *Pauline*, writes to the *Englishman* as follows: "Barque *Pauline*, July 8th, 1875, latitude 5-13 deg. north, long. 35 deg. west, Cape San Roque, north-east coast of Brazil, distance 20 miles, at 11 a.m. The weather fine and clear, wind and sea moderate. Observed some black spots on the water, and a whitish pillar, about thirty feet high, above them. At the first glance I took all to be breakers, as the sea was splashing up fountain-like about them, and the pillar, a pinnacle rock, bleached with the sun; but the pillar fell with a splash, and a similar one rose. They rose and fell alternately in quick succession, and good glasses showed me it was a monster sea-serpent coiled twice round a large sperm whale. The head and tail parts, each about thirty feet long, were acting as levers, twisting itself and victim round with great velocity. They sank out of sight about every two minutes, coming to the surface still revolving; and the struggles of the whale and two other whales that were near, frantic with excitement, made the sea in their vicinity like a boiling cauldron; and a loud and confused noise was distinctly heard. This strange occurrence lasted some fifteen minutes, and finished with the tail portion of the whale being elevated straight in the air, then waving backwards and forwards, and laving the water furiously in the last death-struggle, when the whole body disappeared from our view, going down head-foremost to the bottom, where, no doubt, it was gorged at the serpent's leisure, and that monster of monsters may have been many months in a state of coma, digesting the huge mouthful. At 7 a.m., July 13th, in the same latitude, and some 80 miles east of San Roque, I was astonished to see the same or a similar monster. It was throwing its head and 40 feet of its body in a horizontal position out of the water as it passed onwards by the stern of our vessel. I was startled by the cry of "There it is again!"—and a short distance to leeward, elevated some sixty feet in the air, was the great leviathan, grimly looking towards the vessel. As I was not sure it was only our freeboard it was viewing, we had all our axes ready, and were fully determined, should the brute embrace the *Pauline*, to chop away for its backbone with all our might; and the wretch might have *found* for once in its life that it had caught a tartar. This statement is strictly true, and the occurrence was witnessed by my officers, half the crew, and myself; and we are ready at any time to testify on oath that it is so, and we are not in the least mistaken. It lately occurred to me that the sea-serpent is the leviathan, sublimely described in the book of Job, and any enterprise that might be formed for its capture would do well to ponder on the words, "Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more." In the last week of the late year, while forming good resolutions to begin the new one, in the course of the daily chapters I read in the Bible, I came to Isaiah xxvii. 1—"Leviathan, the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent, and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea."

—The Eastern Extension Australia and China Telegraph Company have decided to lay down a duplicate cable between Penang and Madras.

Thursday, January 27.

—An interesting notice appears in the *Times of India* of a tea meeting held at Falkland Road Hall on Tuesday. There was a very large gathering. Addresses were made by the Rev. J. Blackstock, Rev. J. Urquhart, and Rev. W. Christian. There was singing of hymns, and Mr. Philip Phillips, who was present, favoured the company with a song entitled "The dear ones at home," and with "The Cradle-bed Song."

—Agra, 26: "The Prince's entry into Agra was very grand, over two hundred elephants taking part in the procession, besides many which followed in the wake of the procession. The whole of them were most handsomely caparisoned. Seventeen rajas were present to meet the Prince at the station."

—Allahabad, 26th: "A fire broke out this forenoon at the Magh Mela, at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. The loss of twenty-three lives is reported, mostly women. Six persons are in hospital, who are badly burnt. The fire arose accidentally among some pilgrim huts. Some native officers and men of the 18th Bengal Cavalry and 34th Native Infantry rendered great aid."

—The four Badagas condemned to death in the Kotergherry massacre case, have given notice through their solicitor, Mr. Cowdell, of their intention to appeal against the decision of the Judicial Commissioner.

Friday, January 28.

—Is the schoolmaster abroad? The *Times of India* thinks that not one in a hundred of its readers has ever heard of Poughkeepsie.

—The *Times of India*, after referring to the infernal machine by which Thompson intended blowing up the *Mosel*, says: "One of the 'infernal' machines in which dynamite is used is the coal shell. This is 'a hollow brass casting representing a small lump of coal. At each end is a hole for clearing out the case of the casting, and afterwards for filling it with the explosive compound.' This interesting little machine (it is about five inches long and three inches wide) may be used to blow up coal ships or steamers. The most ingenious of all these diabolical inventions are the 'rats.' They are of two classes, one for iron ships and another for wooden ones. A 'rat' of the former class consists of a block of iron 'which has a hole bored into it, in which is placed a tubular boring tool containing an acid.' When placed at the bottom of the ship, the motion of the vessel causes the lever to work to and fro, and gradually, but surely, it accomplishes its purpose. The wooden ship rat is also a contrivance for boring holes in the bottom of a ship. If properly placed it will not fail to work steadily through the bottom, and having accomplished its purpose, the augur drops through the newly-made hole, and only the case remains. These are but a few of the agencies through which ships are sent to the bottom of the sea. How many vessels have gone to sea with these devil's playthings in their hold and have never since been heard of! There is great reason to fear that diabolical contrivances of the kind have had a large share in swelling the list of ships which have never been heard of after leaving port. The fact that Thompson ordered a score of his clockwork machines, shows that he at least would not have been satisfied with the profit arising out of the destruction of one vessel containing over-insured cargo, and it may be doubted whether the coal shell was invented for use upon one occasion only."

—We are to have a new line of tramway "from a point of junction with the existing Colaba line of tramway near the Wellington Fountain in a northerly direction along Apollo Street and Marine Street, across Elphinstone Circle in front of the Town Hall, along the Eastern Boulevard and Hornby Row, to a point of junction with the Esplanade line of tramway at the south-east end of Cruickshank Road."

—Lord Lytton is expected to reach Calcutta April 2nd.

—*Times of India;* Jummoo, 22nd: "The chief attraction, however, was a dance by the llamas of Thibet. These peculiar men had been brought from Thibet on purpose to dance before the Prince, and will now have to remain in Jummoo until the summer sun melts the snows in the valleys which lead to their home beyond the fastnesses of the mountains. It is a custom among the Thibetan Buddhists to devote one son in every family to the service of the temples. For the keep and training of these there are endowments amounting to £20,000 a year. The sons so devoted are the llamas, and although the dance by a batch of about a dozen of which the Prince saw yesterday from a golden chair which has cost the Maharajah £10,000, possessed all the ludicrousness and burlesqueness of a pantomime, yet it forms a part of one of their most solemn religious ceremonies."

—Deaths last week, 390.

—Aden, 26th: The P. and O. S. N. Co.'s str. *Nizam*, with the outward mails of the 14th instant, left at midnight.

—*Overland Mail*, January 7th: There has been another panic in Egyptian securities on rumours of the resignation of the Foreign Minister and return of Mr. Cave. These rumours have been contradicted.

The Khedive, it is now understood, has afforded Mr. Cave every facility. Nubar Pasha, who was instrumental in inducing the appointment of Mr. Cave, is said to resign for other reasons than those conjectured.

The French Assembly, after electing a permanent committee of twenty-five members, was prorogued till March 8.

The King of Portugal opened the Cortes on January 2nd. He spoke in approval of the conduct of the British Government in the Delagoa Bay dispute.

Mr. J. C. Cobbold (C.) has been returned for Ipswich, in room of his late brother, by 2,213 votes to 1,607 recorded for Mr. Newton, the Liberal candidate.

Amongst the deaths recorded this week are:—Sir Anthony Rothschild; Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt; Col. J. D. Dyson, late 3rd Dragoon Guards; Lieut.-Col G. G. Rous, late Grenadier Guards; Surg.-Major R. Wilson, Madras Army; Major G. G. Carlyon, 1st Royals; Vet.-Surg. W. B. Edmonds, 5th Lancers; Capt. A. G. Reid, Bengal Retired; and Mr. W. W. Baily, of Bombay.

Miscellany.

(Continued from our last.)

FALLEN HOUSES, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

Now, I want you to look at real, *living* people, and not at pictures. We must come to plain facts. It is a solemn truth that there are thousands of buildings in this country, filled this minute with the remnants of houses that God built. Ah! dear reader, you may find the fragments of many a piece of exquisite workmanship, wrought by the Divine hand, lying about the streets of the city—"cast out," "trodden under foot of man"—left with the rubbish, the dross, and the off-scouring. Applied to purposes far different from that for which they were designed, these spoiled things serve but "to point a moral and adorn a tale" for men's records. These are counted in the "judicial statistics;" and make, not units, but tens of thousands, in the annals of crime.

Let us visit those of them that assemble in Nine Elms House. We need no limner to draw their portraits. The originals are before us. No words can tell their story but those of inspiration. "Their visage is blacker than coal, they are not known in the streets; their skin cleaveth to their bones, it is become like a stick."

You will recognise this description if you pursue an acquaintance with the inmates of our public institutions, asylums, homes, refuges, workhouses, reformatories and prisons. Truly, they are the receptacles of the shattered and scattered fragments of many a goodly edifice. Blessed is he that gathers them up "that nothing be lost."

The days that approach Christmas are tender times in the places where these detached creatures dwell. "Good cheer," provided for them by kindly sympathy, does *not* renew to them the things they, too, once enjoyed at Christmas time, in the bosom of an unbroken family circle. It may have been only in a poor garret, but it was a home, with a "house that God built in it;" and, now, they have nothing to satisfy the craving of that nature which, at its worst, loves. They receive "bounties," "charities," and "comforts," but all is only a superficial healing of their ailment. The wound is still festering, and refuses to be cured by anything short of reunion with the alienated members of its own body.

A lady who had given a "tea" to some old women in an almshouse, said to one of them—

"I hope you formed a very pleasant party the other evening?"

"It don't make a party when you're joined with pieces you don't match to," answered the crone. And we can bear testimony, that it takes great labour to match the pieces we meet with in the Prison Mission.

"I don't think I'll settle here," said a woman of a most vagrant habit. "I don't fit somehow. The chairs are too high, and a woman in there is one I can't breathe under the roof with."

"Did you ever see her before ?"

"Not I. But she's a quality of woman I can't a bear."

The tendency of evil is to prevent the reconstruction of the ruined edifice. Satan puts every impediment in the way. The struggles of the deceitful human heart are just "desperately wicked."

"I think I'll walk into Kent to find my son," said one. "He has not wrote to me now for four years."

"Where was he when last you heard of him ?"

"In his father's house," replied the mother with a wince of agony; "he is gardener to the same master my husband was"—sobs told the rest of the story. The speaker had a bonnet of a nondescript kind on her grey head, which was tied under her chin with twine. Ribbon, she declared, tempted her to sell her only head-covering for drink; and she had the same objection to be the owner of boots that were fellows—"So easily drank off, you know," she said. In two of the most wretched specimens of shoe-leather, was to have been done the weary walk to Kent, which we do not believe will come off.

"I had, maybe, better think of him than see him for fear he'd snub me, and that would be harder to bear than this place is."

"Is there not kindness here, good will ? Don't they do something for you?"

"Not wishing to be ungrateful, I must tell you they add to my grief. They make me know what I've brought on myself. It is not *here I* ought to be."

"Well, fellow sinner, there is a cure for even your sorrow. Come, let us sing:

'There's a land that is fairer than day.' "

Young voices join in this sweet strain; and we look around on some fair faces, whose years are few, but whose days have been evil. Already they have broken down "a house that God built." What! at twelve and thirteen years old, can such things be ?

Yes. We interviewed a mother with a heart-sore face. "Mrs. H———, your girl is now here two years. She has behaved very well, but her health is bad. Surely you will be glad to have her home with you. It will be well to take her at Christmas."

"I really am afraid to bring her again. Her poor father had such trouble with her; and the other children quite dread her. She was the terror of the house."

"But that is all changed. She is now seeking to please the gentle, loving Jesus, who washed her in His own blood, and pardoned her sins."

"I don't know how that is. The weary time she gave me can't be washed out. Her brother ran away to sea, and my brother turned us all out o' doors. Her father died of the trouble. Oh, do keep her a while longer."

So we prepare to lengthen the stay of one who has found peace in believing. Workhouse wards are filled with revelations of such miseries as these. Prison cells are saturated with them. Christmas brings them out everywhere in all their colours. In the freedom of Nine Elms House we hear and see much of them. It is not unusual for these unquiet hearts to journey from end to end of the land, to find one of their own flesh and blood, and to be disappointed. The substitute of "association" for relationship, is the most mythical of delusions. "Social life" is a mere fiction in our best-ordered benevolent "homes." No separation is marked with stronger lines than the insulation in which broken-down creatures take refuge. Instead of "natural affection," self-love supervenes, and takes possession of their hearts. Nothing can be fiercer, nor more horrible, than the position in which they entrench themselves. Selfishness, the growth of prison discipline and pauper relief, is the hardest material on earth to deal with. Only God's grace can cut into it; and reach the soul that hugs it as its only joy.

In our praying room, one day, we saw a lady warmly caressing, with fond embraces, one of the most revolting old women that can be imagined. She had had three penal servitudes, and if health remained, seemed bound to merit another, by her determined pursuit of crime. The lady's affection did not appear to be returned. The old woman was stern in her rejection of kind offers made her.

"No, I wont go home with you, though you're my own child; but you're a lady, and I am a poor prisoner, and it shan't be cast in my teeth. I can go on as I am. It's near the end. I'm seventy, come Christmas. You don't want me and I don't want you."

"Oh, mother, don't talk so. I'll forget all the past, for God't sake, and be fond of you." "She is my own mother," said the weeping visitor. "She has turned to stone."

"Better without a heart, my dear. Yours will be wore out."

And this was a "House that God built!" What a strength is that which rent it down! In old age, and after such a process of hardening as this woman had undergone, it is comparatively easy to understand the severance of the closest tie. The "mother can forget" at that far end of a long separation. But to see the same utter demolition of the whole edifice at the corner which maternal love is intended to hold the house together, is the most remarkable exhibition of the power of evil on the earth.

That this is not uncommon is a sad and stubborn fact. How often we trace the parent of a babe, and find that its sweetest smiles fail to lure the woman's heart back to its place in the ruined wall! Numbers of the little ones in our village suffer from this wretched wickedness.

"My mother never writes to me."

"My friends don't come to see me."

"Have I any relation ?"

"Please, do you know if any one is alive that I belong to ?"—are not unusually the questions that are put to us.

Christmas brings out all these in full force. Beyond all news of Christmas trees, prizes, &c., is valued one word of information about the ties of life that have never been enjoyed. A house that has never been built in their memory exists in their very essence. We get a great glimpse of the root of human nature in the development of the "family system" that we are setting up. It is a very lovely system, and a very perfect system, but it is only *a system*. It is not a real, true house that God built after all, but only an imitation of it; but, as such, pleasant to see, and useful to do. . .

The best of our "mothers," and the happiest of our "family" parties tell us this. Their testimony is that "they love their village home—they love their village mother." They feel it is "their own," and they value it, and know that it is indeed a precious treasure; but there is dearer and nearer to them a house to which *they belong*, and which they feel is their place, while they gratefully dwell in the home provided in its stead. It is our experience, that the more we make our "family system" rosemble the true household of nature, the more we cherish that instinct of the affections, that seeks its own natural ties, and with no other will be contented.

And it is for this we labour. Sometimes, in the intensity of our desire to do it, we get sore wounds. A little girl was rescued from the streets some three winters ago. She had been pitied by people, who saw her leading about her blind father to beg, and then to public-houses, where he made himself warm, while she waited shivering outside in the snow. The child was pretty and clever. She easily learned to be useful and tidy. The blind father seemed grateful for the care that did so much for his child; and suffered her to remain with us, without disturbing her attention from the lessons she was learning. "Jenny" appreciated her school and her home, and in both earned commendation. She became as unlike the wild, rough-haired, coarse girl as a fair, neat, little quiet maiden can be; and we had no feeling of uncertainty as to the tie that bound her to us. She was an affectionate child, and in her very placidity hid any ulterior desires. When it was planned to send her to service, her acquiescence was all that was desirable. No impediment was expected, and Jenny was prepared for the step out into domestic life that forms the sequel to the training of our "family system." The arrangements were nearly completed, when the blind mendicant arrived and claimed her. He wanted her "back to her duty," he said.

Was Jenny reluctant to follow the beggar-father on his rounds ? No, she took up the string to which he was attached and went on her journey with him with a willing heart! Are we surprised ? Yes, very much. Yet, this is the house that God built. We overrate the value of meat and drink and bodily comfort, to even the starving, when we forget to put in the scale the weight of the house that God built.

A case happened on our own very hearth, that was most highly instructive to us. A girl, whose father, a workingman, with a bad, drinking wife, had been with us for three years, her best years for training, from 11 to 14. Her extremely good progress rendered her a very valuable girl, and she was endeared to us more than all by the blessing of her conversion into a child of God. Without warning, and in a painfully abrupt way, her father came one day and took her away, our utmost entreaties not availing to retain her. In vain we told him of her good prospects, our intentions of doing much better for her than could be in his power. He would not hear a word. The girl's tears, and her affection for those with whom she had passed so long and so happy a time, were of no use. He carried her off with him, and when the decisive moment came, it was put to the girl solemnly, "Will you go with your father to certain trial and distress ?" And she said, "I will."

In a few moments all her tears were dry, and the house that God built was there'

If the earthly building be so firm, so true, so really potent, and so sufficing, what must that House be, of which this lower thing is but the faint picture and type! It is sweetly tender of our God to teach us by the soft touch of nature, what grace is to work out for us, and in us. Clearer views of the "Father's House on high" are daily gained by considering the House that God built below.—(Mrs. Meredith, in *Word and Work*).

Selections.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

L. G. BINGHAM, "THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK."

THE lamp was burning low in a poor widow's cottage, far away over the sea. The shades of the evening had gathered in, and on a little table by her side lay her well-read Bible. The evening of life, too, had come; and it had found her sorrow-stricken. She had known better days—days of earthly good, when this world's portions had flowed in upon her. Her husband had died, leaving her a competence. But two profligate sons had wasted her substance with riotous living. When she saw that her property was being squandered, she determined to make one offering to the Lord. She took twenty pounds and gave them to the Foreign Missionary Society. Her sons were very angry at this, and told her that she might just as well cast her money into the sea. "I will cast it into the sea," she replied, "and it shall be my bread upon the waters."

The sons, having spent all, enlisted in a regiment and were sent to India. Their positions were far apart; but God so ordered in His providence that both were stationed near the missionaries. The eldest one, through missionary influence, was led to see his sins, repent of them, and embrace Christ. He lived but a short time after this; but he died in the triumph of faith.

Meanwhile, the widowed mother was praying for her boys. She was lifting up her heart in prayer for them, through all the weary years, to the God of her salvation. On the evening of the day we have mentioned, as she was taking down her family Bible to read, the door was softly opened, and the younger son appeared, to greet the aged mother. He wept upon her neck, confessed his follies, and begged her to forgive his cruel treatment towards her. He told her he had turned to God, and Christ his Saviour had blotted out all his sins. Then he narrated his past history in connection with the influence the missionaries of the cross had on his own mind; while his mother, with tears of overflowing gratitude, exclaimed, "Oh, my twenty pounds! my twenty pounds! I cast my bread upon the waters, and now I have found it after many days."

DON'T DELAY.

WORD came one day from our old home, that one of our Sunday-school youths was very low with consumption.

"Poor Robert," I thought: "with no one to speak a word to him about his soul. The way must seem so dark to him. I must write at once and try to direct his mind to Jesus, the only refuge."

The day was full of its cares and duties, and the matter was laid over until the next, and then the next, and so a week slipped by; I cannot tell how long the neglect continued, but conscience gave a weaker and weaker goad each time the matter recurred to the memory.

A letter from that section came soon after in which it was incidentally mentioned: "Poor Robert K—— was buried yesterday."

Bitter regrets and self-upbraidings were of no avail now. While I had been "busy here and there, behold he was gone," and I greatly feared had gone unprepared to stand before God. Earnest words of entreaty and counsel would, I felt sure, have been heeded and most gratefully received by the young man, whose whole associates were of a class to lead him away from God. It is a sad remembrance which has oppressed me for days. It was, no doubt, a message from God that first suggested writing the letter. How often the Lord speaks to us in these whispers to the soul, and we let the occasion pass by with only a resolve to heed it. It is not safe to delay an hour or a minute longer than is absolutely needful. So soon these chances to do good slip away from our reach, and those who might be benefited are gone for ever!

It is not enough that we seek to arouse the anxieties of the soul about its salvation. We want to point out the way to be saved as clearly as it is in our power. Some one expressed surprise to Dr. Johnson that so few of those who were in the greatest spiritual need, and yet were rapidly nearing eternity, should seek to prepare for it. His reply in substance was that they would, many of them, gladly become religious, "but they did not know in the least how to set about it." That is just as true in our day and land, with all its blessed light and privileges. It is a knowledge that all the wisdom of the world fails to teach.

A nobleman found that his death was drawing near, and in great anxiety sent for the two highest dignitaries of the Church of England, that they might tell him how to prepare in the most speedy manner for his long journey. Their long and learned disquisitions on faith and repentance, conveyed no meaning to his soul, and he turned from them wearily, untaught and uncomforted.

If the Bible is studied deeply, prayerfully, and constantly, we shall not be at a loss what to say to an awakened sinner, we shall find the Spirit "helping our infirmities" and enabling us to use the Word with a power that shall bring it home savingly to the soul. It is in the Word and the Holy Spirit we must trust for the conversion of every soul, and not to our own most zealous efforts.

FAITH—ITS EXERCISE.

A BIBLE LECTURE BY MR. HENRY VARLEY.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

Suppose that I hold a purse as from God, you come to me and say, "Oh, if I could be certain that I am born again;" I take a coin out of my purse and say, "Accept that as a token that you are born again." But you say, "Oh, that I could be sure that my sins were taken away." I take out another coin and say, "Accept that as a token that your sins are taken away. What more do you want?" "Oh, if I had the Spirit of God!" "My brother, your wants are so many, give me back the coins." I take them, put them in my purse and say, "Take my whole purse, accept it, and see written upon it the name *Christ*. You have redemption; your names are in the Lamb's book of life. God has put everything in Christ, and if you have Christ, you have all." Thus it is by the exercise of faith in Christ that you know that you have all in Him.

But notice again, not only is it by the exercise of faith that you know that your sins are put away, but it is by the exercise of the same faith that you know that you are in the possession of everlasting life. No angelic visitor ever came to tell us this, no departed mother returned to tell us that we have eternal life; but we believe it because of God's Word. Yet I mourn to say that I meet with many who have more conviction of sin than of life through Jesus Christ. I mourn to say that I meet with thousands who hope they are God's children, because they are converted, rather than on the ground of the life and death of Christ.

It is sad that any of you should be turned away, even by conversion, from resting on the solid rock, Christ Jesus. Our trust must be upon the finished work of Christ, and upon that alone. "For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." Thus it is simply by the exercise of faith in Christ that we *have* eternal life, and can rest upon Him for the future, as well as for the present.

Remember still further, that it is also by the exercise of faith that you receive the Spirit of God. It is by faith we know that our sins are put away, it is by the exercise of this same faith that we have the knowledge of everlasting life; these we have simply and only by faith in the Son of God. So it is with the Spirit—"This only I would learn of you," says the Apostle, "Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?" By faith, certainly.

Now, let us prove these things which I have stated from the law and the testimony, for though an angel from heaven were to preach any doctrine to you, receive it not except it be in the written Word. Turn then to Acts xiii. 38, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him

ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS."

Observe the words, "all that believe are justified;" that is, have the forgiveness of sins. God himself, mark you, is the preacher. I would have you note that; it is the testimony of the Most High and not of man. So much for forgiveness of sins. And now turn to John v. 24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but *is* passed from death unto life." It is simply and only the testimony of God's Word received.

In corroboration of this let us take another passage in 1 John, v. 13,—"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life." One would have supposed it would have been written that we should *feel* that we have eternal life. Everyone wants to feel; but mark, it says "know:" whether we feel it or not, we know that we have it; the believer knows.

HUMAN FEELINGS.

Feel! That drowning man, who has gone down again and again, is in a nice position to feel safe; but get him ashore, and then he will be able to feel or realize that he is saved. See that you get saved first, and then you will feel safe. Feeling is a fruit that grows on the tree of faith; but the root must be there, and the tree must have sprung up ere the fruit can be borne.

Now, passing from the reception of life, to the third point I advanced, the reception of the Holy Ghost; in the passage we have already referred to, Gal. iii. 2, it is plainly stated that we received the Holy Ghost by the hearing of faith, precisely in the same way as we received forgiveness of sins and everlasting life.

And now turn to Rom. vi. 11. Some are greatly troubled because I so strongly insist upon being

DEAD TO SIN.

Now mark what I say. It is not I, but the Spirit of God who insists upon this, and remember that if we please man by our teaching on this point, we displease God. You tell me that I displease some; then be it so. I had rather stand alone with the Spirit of God, than in any organization on earth without the Spirit. And if any one says to me, "I cannot co-operate with you, because of your teaching on this point," I reply, I am not careful to answer you; I feel it a great honour to stand by the side of God's teaching anywhere; what the Spirit of God teaches I must maintain alone or otherwise. "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

THE GLORY OF THE LIFE OF FAITH.

With these words before me, I dare no more say that I am not dead to sin, than I dare call God a liar. That is strong language to use, but it is called for; for if you dare to ignore the truth of God, which He has revealed to you—that you are dead with Christ, that you are buried with Him, and that you are risen with Him—then you are doing the unnatural and monstrous thing of calling the Father of Spirits a liar. It is a crime for which I have no words strong *enough* to use in condemnation.

Again, not only does it say, "dead unto sin," but

"ALIVE UNTO GOD THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."

That is positive as well as negative. What a joy is this! that you leave this room this afternoon in the calm consciousness that God says you are "alive unto God through Jesus Christ." You are dead to sin, but alive to Him. Your very citizenship is not of Plymouth nor of London, but of heaven. You are born unto God—children of heaven, and if children, then are we heirs.

If I were the heir of an earthly royal throne, would it become me to walk through your streets with the air of a beggar? And so, if God has said that I am begotten of Him and dead unto sin, am I to walk as if it were not so? Certainly not. The whole question of our Christian life hangs upon this. The whole question of walking by faith in God is involved here. If your faith is weak as to being "dead unto sin," so your faith must be weak as to being "alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." These two things go together. "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

So Christ Himself argues, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." So if you are willing to die, ignore yourself. Say to your sinful corruption, I am not your *debtor*, Rom. viii. 12.; or as Peter said to the damsel, "I know not the man." That is the meaning of the words, "reckon yourselves dead unto sin." A dead man cannot get drunk, cannot lose his temper. So God uses this forcible argument to show faith's inability to sin. Thus sin cannot be permitted until there is lack of faith, and then a man is sure to fall. I know, of course, that if we look on the human side, we see that man is imperfect; but we must by faith look on ourselves as God tells us to do, "dead unto sin."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POWER OF FAITH.

If we want to know the power of faith, turn to Hebrews xi., where we find that, through faith these followers of the Lord "quenched the violence of fury, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed volient in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," and so on through a long list of such worthies. There was the power in their faith. And why? Faith's object is the Living God, the God of Power. Oh, but you say circumstances beat us; were not the circumstances in which these were placed quite as difficult as ours?

Take the case of Elijah; did circumstances help him when he faced the whole nation? No, he was alone. Take the case of Daniel. What do you think of him when he was cast into the lion's den? Did circumstances help him? No, they were all against him. Yet we find that this did not even shake his nerves, because when the king came next morning, Daniel salutes him, "O king, live for ever." He might have left that out, but he did not even forget to be polite. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion." He trusted in the Lord, and therefore he was unmoved.

Weak as we are, we can all, by the grace of God, be like Mount Zion. Can you say you are so now? If not, I pray you place your trust in God, He will never fail you. Remember

THERE IS A GREAT FORCE IN HABIT.

Trust in the Lord, and then know that the forces of the living God are pouring through your being.

I know the devil will try you thus—"These emotions of great joy which you felt when you realized the power of faith, are gone—where is the joy now?" But let him come and suggest such thoughts, you cannot be moved. The joy is not power—your trust is in God, and that is sufficient. "God is for me"—He may in His love hide Himself in the dark for a time; but "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Oh, the power of this—no words can tell it. This it is that will make that woman happy as a queen, although she has a drunken husband, and a wretched life. This it is that raises men from the very mire and filth of wretchedness, and makes them walk with God. It is faith in the Son of God, and faith in His power.

OVERCOMING THE DEVIL.

Now further, as regards the devil, who will assault us, and do his best to overthrow us, listen to 1 Peter v. 8 and 9: "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour; whom resist stedfast in the *faith*, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world."

There is much need for the opening exhortation to be sober and vigilant, as we have indeed a powerful adversary. There was an old man, living in this country, who was connected with the Primitive Methodists. He was talking with another brother about the Bible, one day, when Satan was alluded to as being very wise. "Oh, no," said the old man, "not wise, or he would have stayed in heaven; but he is very artful."

The old man was right; our adversary is very artful, and it requires all our vigilance, combined with faith, to be on our guard against him. But mark what he said further! "Never parley with him, else he will trip you up." I'll tell you what I have done for many years. Whenever he comes to me, I never speak to him, but I always introduce him to his *betters at once*.

I pray you get hold of that man's principle: for, whether he knew it or not, he acted out the principle of the Divine Word, for Michael the Archangel, when contending with Satan for the body of Moses, said "The Lord rebuke thee." Even thus the life of faith ever overcomes the great adversary.

OVERCOMING THE WORLD.

In precisely the same way the world is to be overcome. I could spend a whole afternoon on that thought, but *time* is passing. Let John speak. He says (1 John v. 4):—"For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the *world*: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our FAITH. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Christ?" Even thus we overcome the *world* by our faith in Jesus Christ.

Supposing one was to come to me and say, "I will meet the world half-way—I will go to some *harmless* amusements." I would reply, "You cannot, if you are born of God; you are bound to overcome this wicked world, to resist it to the utmost." Some will go to theatrical representations, dancings, or, as is soon to come here, musical representations of the Messiah.

Oh, I charge you, in the Lord's name, not to set foot in such scenes. You who call yourselves Christians dare not go to hear splendid voices, with all sorts of musical embellishments, imitate the groans and agonies of the Redeemer. To hear the gorgeous music of Handel set to the words of the Messiah, and performed for the amusement of the rich, sensual, and worldly— to hear trained voices imitate the cries of the Redeemer in his last awful hours—seems to me one of the darkest of all sins. As worship I can understand Christians singing,

"Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely mournful Calvary."

But to make the groans, sufferings, and agonies of my Lord a subject of amusement—horrible! dreadful! I charge you, keep away from such scenes. God give you sound views on this subject.

BUT HOW ARE WE TO RESIST?

It is by the exercise of faith. Turn to Eph. vi.—"Above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." You know what a shield is—it is for defence. In old times it was frequently seven feet high, and made of leather or other stout substance, and bound with brass. The Spartans handed down their shields from father to son, and set great value upon them.

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When a Spartan son went forth to battle, his mother would say, as she handed him his shield, "Now, my son, either with your shield, or on it."

Those patriotic women would sooner see their sons carried back upon their shield, than lose it in the day of battle. To lose a shield was regarded as a culpable offence, and punishable with death. It is not so exactly in the spiritual warfare, as we cannot lose our life, but temporally you are a prey to the world, the flesh, and the devil, if the shield of faith be out of your hand. Wherefore, let us take "the shield of faith, wherewith we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Paul believed in keeping hold of faith. Observe how he spoke when writing to Timothy near the close of his life—"I have fought the good fight." That is good; what next? "I have finished the course." Well, Paul, you have reached the goal? Oh, no! something higher still.

"I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH."

That is his climax, his finish—kept the faith. God grant that our faith may grow exceedingly, and that we may keep it to the glorious end, to the praise, glory, and honour of Jesus at His appearing.

I have spoken to-day of faith, because I have found that there is a terrible amount of unbelief; and the best way to deal with unbelief, is to teach men to get hold of its opposite principle—the exercise of faith. You are left free by God to exercise faith; you ought to exercise it always; and if you do not, you are responsible to God for not using it.

A dear friend of mine, who had been 37 years a Christian, said to me, "I cannot exercise faith when I please." "Oh, my dear friend," I said, "get rid of that horrid thought. The exercise of faith should be to God's children, as easy as it is to breathe. In fact, I believe that exercising faith is, in the spiritual life, analogous to breathing in the natural life." Another thing, God cannot exercise faith for you, you must exercise it for yourself.

CONCLUSION.

Now, my friends, recognise this truth; believe in the living God, and let the habit of faith be continued, and you will find that it will festoon your life in joys. The curse of my past Christian life has been that for twenty years I failed to see that by the simple exercise of faith on the human side, all things are possible. "If thou can'st believe (that is "now," not to-morrow), all things are possible to him that believeth." Why? Because the believers' resources are in the fulness of the living Christ. "He that believeth on Me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." It is but the giving forth of what we have received. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

In conclusion, let us remember Gumall's quaint word; he says, "Christian, when you have got your best coat on, remember who paid for it; it ill becomes thee to be proud at another's expense." It well becomes those to be humble who have received all they possess. Yet never lose sight of the fact that "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.—*Word and Work.*

TAKES IT WITH HIM.

What does a man take with him when from the extreme verge of life he launches into what lies beyond? It looks as if he took nothing. Death seems to pass a sponge over all that has gone before. Be it the end, or be it a new beginning, it seems a total breaking off from all that life has hitherto consisted in. That is what makes it terrible. But, if we look at it truly, his past life is just the one thing that a man does take with him when he dies. He takes himself. And that self is the product of all his past experience and actions. As an oak bears in itself the result of every shower that through long years has freshened it, of every gale that has toughened it or stripped its boughs, of the sunshine that has fed it, and the drought that has parched it, so a man, when he stands at the end of life, is what he has been made by all his joys, and sufferings, and actions. That is what he takes into the other world — his own character." So has some one written, and so do all believe, who are at all sure of the hereafter. There are some who, in our time, affect not to believe in any hereafter for anything but exceeding developments. May it not be that just the future which Christians believe in shall be exactly what shall come upon us men by the process of "development" and "evolution" of which we fear so much? Who knows that the next stage of our "evolution" shall not be an intenser and higher personality than this we now have?—*Chr. Age.*

—As clear water presents an image, to those who look upon it, of the sun itself, and of the vaulted sky, so the pure heart is converted into a kind of copy and mirror of the divine glory.—THEODORET.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London, January, 19th: At a Cabinet council held yesterday, it was resolved to give general support to Count Andrassy's Note. All questions of detail were reserved for further consideration.—To-day's *Gazette* contains the announcement that Mr. John Pope Hennesy, C. M. G., has been appointed Governor of Barbadoes.—Earl Lytton has arrived in London from Lisbon.

20th: Lord Napier of Magdala has been appointed the new Governor of Gibraltar.

Constantinople, 19th: The Turks sustained a severe defeat yesterday near Trabenjo. In the engagement with the insurgents 300 were killed and many wounded.

Paris, 19th: Amongst the senatorial delegates there is a majority of conservatives in the rural districts; in the towns, however, the republican element is predominant.—An electoral banquet at Marseilles has been prohibited, at which M. Gambetta intended speaking.

London, 21st: It is announced that an increase in the next army estimates will be asked for during the approaching session of Parliament.—It is stated in official circles that General Sir A. T. Wilde, K.C.B., will be appointed a member of the Indian Council, and that Sir George Clerk, K.C.B., resigns his seat.—H. M.'s troop-ship Euphrates has passed through the Suez Canal outwards.—A letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, states that H. M.'s Government consents to the consecration of the Rev. Mr. Caldwell and the Rev. Mr. Sergeant as Indian bishops, if the Society provides a suitable income for them.

22nd: The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts contributes a sum of £600 yearly towards the stipend of the Rev. Mr. Caldwell.—It is stated that M. Brenier Moamorand has been appointed French Minister to China.—The P. and O. steamer Pekin has been detained at Southampton by an accident to her machinery. She sailed for India to-day.—A snow-storm has interrupted telegraphic communication in England.

24th: The snow-storms on Friday and Saturday were unusually severe. An accident, attended with fatal results, occurred on the Great Northern Railway. During the storm of Friday the Scotch express from the north came into collision with a coal train, and directly afterwards the down express dashed through. Thirteen persons were killed and twenty-one injured. Count Schouvaloff, the Russian ambassador, who was a passenger in the train, escaped uninjured.—Negociations continue for the purchase of the Egyptian railways by English capitalists, and a favourable result is expected.

Copenhagen, 24th: Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra leaves for England on the 3rd February.

Berne, 24th: At the conference held here of delegates of the International Postal Union, in which the Government of India has taken part for the purpose of adopting a revision of the present rate of postage between England and India, it has been agreed that the rate for the half-ounce letter shall be sixpence via Brindisi.

Aden, 24th: Intelligence has been received of the withdrawal of the Egyptians from Zanzibar territory which has been re-occupied by the Sultan's troops.

Cairo, 25th: The Egyptian army left Massowah for Abyssinia yesterday.

London, 25th: Obituary.—Major-General Margary.

26th: It is considered probable that when the discussion regarding the Khedive's Canal shares comes on in Parliament, a strong opposition to the purchase will be shown by the Liberal party. Mr. Forster addressed his constituents at Bradford yesterday and criticised the action of Government in purchasing the shares.

Madrid, 26th: The result of the general elections shows a large Government majority.—Advices from the north state that the Royalist troops have commenced a combined movement against the Carlists.

Berlin, 26th: The Budget shows a deficit of over two million thalers.

London, 27th: Obituary: Sir Henry William Stisted, K.C.B.

PASSENGERS SAILED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Zambesi*, 24th:

FOR SOUTHAMPTON.—Lieut D A Johnston, R E, Mr Fallon, Mr Prior, Mr Jones, and Mr W Billing.
FOR BRINDISI.—Mr W J M McCaw, Mr Abraham Quntis, Sub-Lieutenant Cunard, and Mr J Milney Walker.
FOR VENICE.—Mrs Tomkyns and child, and Mrs Topham and child.
FOR MALTA—Captain Brace, and Mr J Fegan.
FOR SUEZ.—Judge P A McRae.

Per Str. *Trinacria*:

Mr A C Henderson, Mrs Nutball, three children and ayah, Mrs Baird, three children and ayah, Mrs Larpent and child, Mrs Codman and two children, Mrs H R Worsley and child, Master Worsley, Miss Worsley, Mr W C Owen, Mrs Macdonald, seven children and ayah, Mr Dunbar, Mrs Kenny, Rev J J Weiss, Mrs Weiss, Rev W Barker, Mrs Barker and two infants, Mr C Roberts, Mr J Reynell, Rev W Rotton, Mr J Harvie; and 218 native troops to Aden, deck passengers.

Per Str. *Timor*, for London:

Dr McClorg, Mr J Walker, Mr L Watkins, Mr W W Clarke, Captain J J Hamilton, Mr and Mrs Grassby, Lieut and Mrs Meredith, Lieut Col Meley and child, and Mr and Mrs Gilston and child.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Teheran*, 28th:

FROM SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr and Mrs Brooks and infant, Dr Gairdner, Mrs Guichet, Mr J Bennett, Captain Freeman, Mr Rind, Mr J Manning, Mr R Fruir, Mr J Davies, Mr E Marval, Mrs Branson, and Mr J Norcote, R N.
FROM VENICE.—Mr J S Symonds, Mr A *Elliott*, Mr E J Barker, Mr Barclay, Mr Klusmann, Mr W H Propert, and Mrs S Clarke.
FROM BRINDISI.—Major C E Bates, Capt A G Sheppard, Mr A Gasan, Mr M L Daws, Mr L Crawford, Miss Bruhan, Mr H S Place, Capt A H Mill, Mr Horsburgh, Mr K Fenlay, Mr Bidday, Mr Heiburg, Mr H G Schultz, and Mr and Mrs Powell.
FROM MALTA.—Mr C E Smith.

Domestic Occurrences.

MARRIAGES.

PRICE—MARSDEN—January 19th, at Bangalore, by the father of the bride, Robert Locke Price, Captain, Bombay Staff Corps, to Elizabeth (Bessie), youngest daughter of the Rev. E. Marsden.
HURST—CARVALHO—At Belgaum, by the Rev. Father Bridges, John James Hurst, Revenue Commissioner's Office, S. D., to Ellen Ann Carvalho, daughter of retired Apothecary Emanuel Carvalho.
FARRAN—WARD—January 26th, at the Cathedral, Bombay, George Houghton Farran, Deputy Registrar High Court, to Frances Perceval, eldest daughter of the late Dr. A. V. Ward, Presidency Surgeon.
HORE—HATCH—January 22nd, at the Cathedral, Bombay, by the Rev. F. L. Sharpin, Walter Stuart Hore, Captain, 20th N. I., to Edith Maud, daughter of Colonel W. S. Hatch, Royal Artillery.
SCHROTTKY—TIBALDI—January 22nd, at Bombay, by the Rev. Father Cooke and the Rev. W. Maule., Eugene C. Schrottky, G. C. U. G., to Mary Rose, grand-daughter of the late Marchese Giovanni Peligrini Tibaldi, of Florence.
BURN—MUIRHEAD—January 27th, at St. Andrew's Church, Bombay, by the Rev. D. Macpherson, M. A., Robert N. Burn, to Mary Bannerman, eldest daughter of John Muirhead.

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Bombay, 12th September 1874.

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